

SCRIBE

JUNIOR COLLEGE

Volume III.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., JUNE 14, 1932

Number 5.

Class Prophecy Is Made By Mystics

"You know, Ruth, there is a limit to what a person can stand."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean I can't swallow any more of those psychology lectures on hypnotism. I don't believe a word of them, do you?"

"Why you don't know what you are talking about. Of course I believe them; I find them very absorbing and interesting."

"I won't believe any of that stuff till I see it with my own eyes. You've got to show me."

"Is that so? Well, you just look right here at this crystal on the table, and I am willing to wager that even I can bring before you a glimpse into the dark and mysterious future."

"O. K. with me. I'll try anything once."

"You sit there and gaze steadily into this crystal while I talk to you."

"Look closely. Do you see anything?"

"I tell you I don't see a darned thing other than that which I have told you about. Wait a minute now. I do see something moving. Confound it; what is it? Are you waving your hand? No, 'tis shadows that move across the globe. They take form; they are people! They tread ever so softly, but the line seems to have no end. Whither do they come from? Whither do they go? Straightening as they approach the center of the sphere, they once more assume their distorted shapes as they round the bend and sink from view."

"Have you recognized any of the faces?"

"Wait, the mist clears. A young man steps plainly into view. It is a familiar face. Whose? Why, by George, it's Gil Miller! He is waving a paper, yes, a newspaper. Look! Can you see the upper corner in large type, 'Gilbert Miller, Editor'? No, it isn't the Scribe; it's, it's—Hey, Gil, what's the name of your paper? Hey—doggone, he's not there—I can't see him anywhere. He's—gone."

"Two other fellows wait not a moment, but burst forth and take his place. There is a change of atmosphere. Bright lights dispel the shadows. A huge glamor surrounds the scene. No wonder, 'tis a theater I see! On the stage is one of these fellows in a splendid costume of a toreador. He struts bravely, and I am aghast. I cannot believe my eyes. Michael Anton has risen to world fame as the greatest bull thrower of all time. My surprise is complete, Michael Del Vecchio is the bull. God, what else can happen? The striking red garb of Anton is dazzling, and long are the cheers Vie la Anton."

"Especially warm is the applause which one young lady in the front row seems to be exhibiting for bull throwers. Her face is blurred in the bright lights, but I realize her enthusiasm when somebody at my side says, 'There is the famous toreador's wife, Mrs. Anton. The former Sara Magilnic. Remember her at school?'"

"Who is this strange person coming?"

"Why, as I live, it's Muriel Wilkinson. Who would ever expect to meet you here? What, you are running a beauty salon. All alone?"

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Sophomore Class Highlights Are Presented

On a hot summer's day, September 18, 1930 to be exact, a young red headed chap walked up to the main door, rang the bell, and waited anxiously to be admitted. He was a member of the class of '32. However, we are happy to say that the rest of our class were not so bashful, and by the time the freshman reception rolled around in the latter part of October, even this timid boy was initiated into the wiles of college life.

This reception, held at Champ's, was our introduction into the social atmosphere of J.C.C. Here we almost received the wrong impression of college life when four or five charming sophomore girls entertained us with a pajama dance. But this was one time when initial impressions did not mean a thing.

Our primary duty, to organize the class by electing officers, was carried out soon after this. John Cody was chosen president; Arnold Olson, vice-president; Muriel Wilkinson, treasurer; and Lillian Williamson, secretary. These capable officers led us successfully through our many undertakings during our freshman year.

Soon after our elections came the annual A. A. dance held at the Stratfield Sun Parlor. At this affair all the girls had a chance to wear their newest Sunday night dresses and the boys, to show how handsome they were in dark suits.

By December 12th we were sufficiently initiated into the art of collegiate entertaining to give our first return dance to the Sophomores. This also was held at the Stratfield. The skit was appropriately a comedy of college life. Here the college heroes, Bowman and Zimmer, struggled for the favor of an unknown lady, who ran off finally and married Chernoff. Thus we demonstrated that though only freshmen, we were already in the know concerning the ways of the co-ed.

Apparently the Stratfield was a source of great attraction, for the Birthday banquet on February 20, '31 was held there also. This was the third annual affair of its kind. Faculty and trustees joined with the students in the evening's merrymaking. This event concluded the winter social season.

The spring schedule began with two dances at the Normal School. The first, given by the Sophomores on April 11th, was to celebrate the opening of our new science building. The second, on May 9th, was our contribution to the Charter Day exercises. This was the final event sponsored by the class of '32 during our freshman year.

With the opening of the new year came the reorganization of the class. Our choice for president this time was the very dignified, grave Gilbert Miller. The other officers were vice-president Flo Baron, treasurer, John Cody, secretary, Chary Demarest.

The girls take the credit for starting the ball rolling in the social field of 1931-32 by entertaining the freshman girls with a Big Sister picnic held at Oak Knoll. We have

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Dean Carl E. Wallace Delivers Farewell Address

In the mid-west the roads are straight; in some places they are so level that they can be seen for a score or more of miles ahead. Such a road is uninteresting and monotonous; it offers no variety. The New England roads are different; they are never wearisomely the same. The turns in the road are many and each opens to the motorist a new vista of unexpected charm and beauty.

You, the members of the class of 1932, have now come to a turn in the road and are, I hope, thrilled and elated by the landscape that lies ahead. May there be other turns, and may each prove more enchanting and more seductive than the former, till the journey is over.

You have now spent one-fiftieth of a century in what is commonly known as higher education. This is no inconsiderable amount of time, and its expenditure can be justified only by the attainments made. Many of you have the satisfaction of greatly increased mental power and acumen gained as the result of conscientious effort and loyal devotion to your studies, and I congratulate you most heartily. Others may not be so fortunate. Some may have wasted their time and substance; some may have been the victims of unfavorable circumstances not under their control. But whatever the explanation, I am sincerely sorry that you do not have the joyous satisfactions of splendid achievement, for they are many and highly to be desired. I hope, however, that the turn in the road will furnish each of you with a prospect so appealing and so stirring that the remainder of the journey will be one continuous source of satisfaction and delight.

The human race has been upon the earth many thousands of years and, although its evolution and development has been slow and painful, it has nevertheless accumulated a large amount of valuable knowledge during the long period of its pilgrimage. The sum total of human experience and achievement constitutes the store of human learning. Learning thus includes the discoveries, the inventions, and the experiences of yesterday; those of to-day become a part of the learning of tomorrow. This accumulated knowledge is our intellectual heritage. To keep it, to expand it, and to make it available to successive generations of young people is the function of our institutions of learning. The fundamental purpose in making learning available is to enable society to adjust itself, with the minimum of friction and loss, in the successive stages of its evolution. Colleges are established to aid in accomplishing this purpose by directing the powers of young people in their efforts to master that part of the cumulative knowledge and experience of the race which interests them most.

But mere knowledge is not enough. One must know one's world; but one must be able also to deal with it. It is necessary, therefore, to refine and exercise the instrument of thought. For this reason, every college course should have training in thought as one of its conscious purposes. The work of this institution is organized with the purpose of rendering both of these services. And it is the hope, I am sure, of every mem-

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Self Conquest is the Greatest of All Victories -- Plato

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JUNIOR COLLEGE

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No. 5



Editor-in-Chief—Gilbert M. Miller

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Business Manager—Emanuel Zimmer

Literary Board

Thomas Coughlin, Harry Bowman, Victor Swain, Milton Herman, Ruth Sheehan, Helen Dikeman, Mildred Simendinger, Sylvia Zucker.

Published By the Students of The Junior College of Connecticut.

GOOD WILL FOR J.C.C.

Among the most valuable assets of any college are good-will and favorable recognition of the institution by the public.

There are many factors which help to bring about this amiable relation between college and public. A knowledge of the value of such an institution in the community, appreciation of the efforts of the college, a sincere desire to aid in enlarging the scope of education—each aids in strengthening the bonds between college and citizens.

The administration does its best to raise the standing of the college in the community and at large. However, to be entirely successful, the administration must be aided by the student body.

After all, the students are the products of the college and as such are the most visible and tangible examples of its success or failure.

What the student thinks and says about the college is recorded by the public. When the students go about telling of the advantages of their college, the public naturally feels that the claims of the administration are well founded. Likewise, when students find no words of praise for their school, public opinion begins to turn against it.

All of these generalizations may be applied to our own college and to our own responsibilities as students of the Junior College of Connecticut. There are numerous occasions when a little verbal support of the college by J.C.C. students will aid immeasurably in helping to establish good-will towards the institution. There are equally numerous occasions when a thoughtless remark or "wisecrack" will lower the reputation already established.

Let us take this thing seriously,—administration, student body, alumni, every one in the college community. Don't let that opportunity to give J.C.C. a little support slip by. And let us be a little more careful not to say those things which can be interpreted as being "slams". Student good-will can be built up only by student action. Here is the reminder; let us all join in supplying the action.

DEAN CARL E. WALLACE DELIVERS FAREWELL

ADDRESS

(Continued from page 1)

ber of the faculty that you have at least entered into the portals of the temple of knowledge, and that you have also gained some facility in clear thinking.

Students come to college for a variety of reasons. Some come for social purposes; others to satisfy intellectual curiosity. Some come to secure training which they desire solely for usefulness to themselves; others to fit themselves for usefulness to society. It is with this last object that colleges are primarily concerned. The fact that the individual student gets something for himself is beside the point. Man is a social being and that fact alone makes a large individual gain possible. While personal advantage may be the normal consequence of college training, colleges are especially concerned with the problem of equipping their students with the ability and the desire to promote the welfare of all men—of society as a whole.

You are warned, therefore, that whatever attainment of knowledge you may achieve, that whatever power of thought you may develop, you will still be of little service in the world unless you also develop a fine sense of responsibility to your fellows. Without that lofty quality of unselfish loyalty to mankind, these other achievements may constitute a peril to both yourself and to society, instead of a blessing.

But the road ahead, with all its lure and mystery and promised enchantment, lies just

around the turn. There is little interest or time for preachments. The call of the road must be answered and that without delay. The high-powered car, all a-glitter and pulsating with intellectual curiosity, youthful enthusiasm, dauntless courage, and irrepressible optimism promises a glorious and thrilling adventure. The Class of 1932 is off! Bon Voyage!!

I WONDER

I wonder who will be the first '32 graduate to become a millionaire.

I wonder if the lowly Frosh are intelligently qualified to express remorse on our leaving them.

I wonder why the class of '32 has so rich a background in culture, beauty, physique, refinement, artistic sense, civility, intelligence, personality, etc.

I wonder how many members of our class will never continue their education.

I wonder how many colleges J. C. C. grads will represent at our first Alumni reunion.

I wonder if we shouldn't all speak highly of the institution that started us on our way and aided us in adapting ourselves to college requirements.

I wonder how often we have jested about J.C.C. and how many times we shall wish we were all back here together, where true friendship and happiness never deserted us.

I wonder what '33 holds in store for us?

SOPHOMORE CLASS

HIGHLIGHTS

ARE PRESENTED

(Continued from page 1)

Mrs. Gallagher to thank for so kindly suggesting games to amuse the new arrivals.

Not to belittle the boys by not giving them a picnic we decided to enlarge the details of the Freshman Reception by holding it in the Ballroom of the Stratfield Hotel. This was the largest freshman reception given in the history of the school. A new idea was presented in our skit this time. Evelyn Bishop and Alfred Moeller staged a very melo-dramatic domestic scene in which Evelyn shed many tears (and they weren't crocodile tears either.) This was followed by an elimination dance, won by Cel Freedland and Harry Bowman and a prize dance won by Lillian Reilly and James Hotham.

The freshmen reciprocated with a semi-formal dance under the direction of Lillian Reilly, and the sophomores were quite pleased with it.

A series of affairs was then arranged to raise money for the A. A.. The first a bridge party, held in the school assembly, under the direction of Flo Baron, succeeded in netting quite a sum toward the equipping of the basketball squads. This was followed by an alumni game and dance, during the Christmas vacation at Bassick Junior High. As usual the Alumni won but the competitive feeling was immediately forgotten in the pleasure of the dance that followed the game.

Christmas time was a period of much activity. We inaugurated the custom of holding a Christmas party in the school auditorium. At this time we exchanged ten cent gifts with the faculty and the freshmen. Many good laughs were enjoyed on seeing the gifts received by the faculty.

A few days later the Alumni took the lime light with their formal dance which many of us attended.

To repay the sophomore girls for their picnic, the freshman girls gave a tea dance at the beginning of March. The entertainment consisted of vocal and piano solos by a few of their members.

Something new entered our schedule early in spring. The college sponsored three bridges for the benefit of the scholarship fund. Later a French play was given for the same purpose in which many of our classmates participated.

As time goes on, increasing interest has been manifested in the college. An example of this was shown when the civic clubs of Bridgeport gave their co-operation to help the college run a dance at the Stratfield during Easter vacation. The proceeds were also for the scholarship fund.

Finally commencement week rolled around with an impressive program for the departing members of our class. Some of the events were Baccalaureate address by Rev. Ernest J. Craft, the Prom, the Alumni luncheon, class day exercises and finally graduation.

These two years have flown very quickly and it seems hard to realize that we are leaving the old school to go to others or to set out on a career of service.

This however, is not a true History of our class, but records only a few stepping stones from the time we entered until the present. Nevertheless these few high spots will give a fundamental outline of our class activities.

To inquire further would mean the scrutinizing of actions hour by hour, day by day throughout the two years, and would require many volumes to record. Therefore, of necessity, we must close this undecorated account and leave to each sophomore himself the job of filling in the little details to build the only true history of the '32 class of J.C.C.

Harry Bowman

Helen Dikeman

Sophomores Will Properties To Freshmen

The Sophomore Class of 1932 of the Junior College of Connecticut, realizing that its days of active school life are numbered and that its treasured possessions may later be the cause of bitter strife, has taken a careful inventory and decided to bequeath them as follows: It is their last will and testament.

To the Freshmen as a class we bequeath the dignity of Sophomores and ask that it may be upheld seriously and gravely despite their possible frivolity and irresponsibility.

To **John Galvin**, a doctor's degree of literature that he may obtain a salary for agonizing the classes he claims to teach.

To **Miriam Lustig**, an enduring, sympathetic correspondence with Joseph Chiota so that she may pour out all the sorrows, longings, and joys of her heart to a loving pal.

To **Theona Rothermel**, an autographed picture of Daniel Gall as a souvenir of her transient fancy, to be added to her many other rich spoils.

To **James Thomas**, Ruth Adams' skill in Latin so that he may no longer beset the eternally patient Professor Goulding.

To **Marie Baggary**, some of Michael DelVecchio's skill in applying "slickum" so that her golden tresses may always lie in pleasing smoothness.

To **Carl Bellwood**, a share of Robert Kelley's timidity so that his accustomed haughty self-assurance may be occasionally disturbed.

To **Samuel Block**, a photograph of Sara Magilnick, his German side-kick.

To **Theodore Brill** and **William Lively** the enduring quality of friendship so admirably shown by Harry Bowman and Emanuel Zimmer.

To **Theona Rothermel** and **John Galvin** the lofty self-esteem of Muriel Wilkinson and John Cody.

To **Antoinette Cubelli**, **Marie Baggary**, **Miriam Lustig**, and **Thomas Lalley**, the world-famed Freshman quartet, the versatile genius of Alfred Moeller, Ralph Laws, John MacDonald and Dorothea Lyons, respectively.

To **Oscar Jacoby**, a complimentary autographed copy of Miss Evelyn Bishop's new novel "He Who Gets Slapped".

To **Anne Mills**, a trifle of Harriet Macfarlane's reserve and dignity.

To **Paul Anton**, the Ford roadster of Michael Anton to afford for another year a convenient lounging place for Eileen Green and Elizabeth Kulcsar.

To **Helen Accardi**, Flo Baron's charming success at love-affairs.

To **Muriel Kearns**, Ruth Bick's knowledge of chemistry so that she may get that long-cherished A.

To **Catherine Dillon**, **Lillian Reilly**, and **Mildred Lane**, the three main-squeaks of the Freshman class, the dignity, reserve and quiet of Elizabeth Burton, Helen Power and Ruth Adams.

To **Ira Frankel**, Prudence Card's devotional service to Phi Theta Pappa.

To **George Bundock**, Morton Katz's intellectual brow.

To **Arthur Goldman**, Thomas Coughlin's sparkling wit.

To **Harry Zubkoff**, the flourishing candy business of Joseph Cravero.

To the modern, sophisticated **Eileen Finnegan**, the old-fashioned charm of Chary Demarest.

To **Michael Diorio**, the skill and enthusiasm for baseball of John Discepolo.

To **Marian Meyerhoff**, Helen Dikeman's pep, vigor and athletic ability.

To **Andrew Draper**, another girl's affection which shall equal the devotion and worship of Eleanor Farrell.

To the blatant **Morris Lifshiz**, the charming delicate expletives "My Soul" and "Mercy" of George Ferris.

To **C. Milton Flynn**, the industry and diligence of Albert Fiyalka.

To **Victor Hart**, Julia Formichella's untiring service to French plays so that next year's production may even surpass "Les Precieuses."

To **James Thomas**, **William Lively** and **Theodore Brill**, the responsibility of maintaining the J.C.C. tennis record so admirably upheld by Jerome Freedland, Ralph Laws and Robert Turney.

To **Oscar Jacoby**, Paul Goodell's cultured taste for distinctive clothing.

To **Marian Katz**, the passion for mathematics which consumes Milton Greenhalgh with a hidden fire.

To **David Trecartin**, the mysterious green lace handkerchief, sported so coyly by Bill Guggenheim.

To **Marian Meyerhoff**, one large trunk wherein to store her many, many tomes and one enormous file wherein to deposit her countless notes.

To **Marjorie Platt**, Milton Herman's accomplishments in bluffing and "lobbying."

To **Miriam Lustig** the grace of movement and liquid brown eyes of Bradford Hoyt.

To **Edyth Goldman**, the fury and fire of Cait Lewis.

To **Marie Baggary**, the long, "white" chemistry coat of Grover Lyons.

To **Elvira Himick**, Sophie Mallay's renown as class giggler.

To **Paul Rheinfeld**, the leadership and dynamic energy of Gilbert Miller.

To **Thomas Lalley**, the dainty proboscis of Egbert Marsh.

To **Louis Raskin**, Arnold Olson's fugitive mustache.

To **Eileen Finnegan**, the vivid hair of William Oppenheim to match her glaring lipstick.

To **William "Lively"** the "languid" air of Ruth Sheehan.

To **Theona Rothermel**, the vigor of Nicholas Spinelli.

To **Joseph Abromaitis**, the seductive curls of Robert Turney.

To next year's **American Government** class the bravery of William West in his daring adventures as a Nichols volunteer fireman.

To **Elvira Himich**, Samuel Wolch's even bearing.

To **William Wynne**, the high moral earnestness of Sylvia Zucker.

To **Rose Sullo**, Eli Zalinger's patient ability to endure funny noises in the realm of music.

To **Howard Lee**, the excruciating humor of Alfred Moeller.

To **Professor Ballou**, a brilliant, enduring calculus class.

To **Professor Hutchins**, the familiar green Chevrolet of Jay Kellogg so that nightly excursions may be facilitated.

To **Dean Scurr**, several class wits to sometimes cheer her sinking heart.

To **Professor Zampiere**, another successful play.

To **Professor Goulding**, the illuminated pages of Harriet Macfarlane's Latin series.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the above named Sophomore Class, as and for its last Will and Testament in the presence of us, who have hereunto subscribed our names at its request, as witnesses thereto, in the presence of the said testator and of each other this seventh day of June in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-two.

The Sophomore Class of 1932.

Witnesses:

M. Simendinger
V. Swain.

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Class Of 1932 Characterizes Members

The Class of '32 has done it, and it has done it superlatively. There is danger that the whole class will all be "up in the air", "at sixes or at sevens", and "hot under the collar", or "all up in the air", "swelled-headed", and "puffed up". The votes which were silently cast are destined to raise "whoopie". Reputations are by these votes made or lost, self-esteem is increased or severely jolted. Some individuals, however, unsung and unslammed, can go along the even tenor of their ways, even as before.

Dot Lyons, with five of the women's titles all for her, has both an enviable record and a difficult program: she has "Done Most for the Class", she has "Done Most for the School"; she is the "Best Dancer", the "Best Student", and is "Most Likely to Succeed". Nine superlatives are divided equally among three of our young men: Milton Herman, Gilbert Miller, and Arnold Olson; and equally proud and disgruntled will all and all their friends be.

These superlatives three times three and all the other's "bests" and "mosts" are now blazoned forth to mankind; our world will pause and consider—for a moment.

Girl	Boy
BEST LOOKING	
Chary Demarest	Bradford Hoyt
MOST POPULAR	
Dot Lyons	Arnold Olson
BEST STUDENT	
Mildred Simendinger	Bradford Hoyt
DONE MOST FOR CLASS	
Dot Lyons	Gilbert Miller
DONE MOST FOR SCHOOL	
Dot Lyons	Arnold Olson
BEST DANCER	
Dot Lyons	Harry Bowman
BEST DRESSER	
Ruth Bick	Paul Goodell
WITTIEST	
Cait Lewis	Michael Anton
BIGGEST GRIND	
Mildred Simendinger	Eli Zalinger
BIGGEST BOROWER	
Ruth Sheehan	John Cody
MOST OPTIMISTIC	
Helen Dikeman	William Guggenheim
MOST PESSIMISTIC	
Sophie Malay	Milton Herman
NOISIEST	
Evelyn Bishop	Michael Anton
QUIETEST	
Helen Power	Robert Kelley
CLASS POLITICIAN	
Sylvia Zucker	Harry Bowman
BIGGEST BLUFFER	
Evelyn Bishop	Milton Herman
CLASS BABY	
Ruth Adams	Victor Swain
BEST ATHLETE	
Helen Dikeman	Jerry Freedland
SCHOOL PEST	
Evelyn Bishop	Milton Herman
CLASS GIGGLER	
Muriel Wilkinson	Victor Swain
MOST CONCEITED	
Evelyn Bishop	John Cody
LAZIEST	
Ruth Sheehan	William West
MOST AMBITIOUS	
Sarah Magilnick	Harry Bowman
MOST CONSERVATIVE	
Prudence Card	Gilbert Miller
MOST RADICAL	
Sylvia Zucker	Emanuel Zimmer
MOST LIKEABLE	
Eleanor Farrell	Arnold Olson
MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED	
Dot Lyons	Gilbert Miller

CLASS PROPHECY IS MADE BY MYSTICS

(Continued from page 1)

You are in partnership with Paul Goodell? Why, he's an old pal of mine. He was lucky he took that Government course. I told him he would have use for it someday. How is Paul? Say, where are you going. Hey, wait a second Muriel. Wait, I want to talk."

"Another theatre in view. There is a light haired chap whom I recognize easily, Vic Swain. He leads the orchestra. I'll go over and talk to him. Why I can't do that. It is in the middle of an act. The act has changed while I have been talking. A familiar figure 'trips the light fantastic across the stage'. Such exotic, graceful charm reminds me of --- of, why just as I thought, George Ferris. Who would think that he has become the premier dancer of the world?"

"This show sure has a variety bill. On my program Ruth Bick is billed to stage a magician act, having advanced her study of chemistry to the far ends of the earth to portray before the public eye those mysteries which lie at their very feet, and who 'tread on it daily with their clouted shoon.'"

"The main feature catches my eye. It reads 'The Great Shakespearean actress, Mademoiselle Bishop is brought before you in person to present a portrayal of Ophelia in Hamlet, seconded by her able co-partner, John MacDonald who plays Laertes.'"

"There is a short silence, which you can almost hear. A tense moment, and the curtains part. The manager steps forth, and speaks. As his voice spreads out through the audience, and his warm smile penetrates every nook of the theater, it is not hard to place such a genial personality. Bradford Hoyt's showhouses are far renowned for their sparkling performances. I wave, but he does not or does not wish to see. My head grows heavy and dizzy, and the blackness blinds me."

"Perhaps a walk in the park will clear your head, Tom."

"Right, that's just what I'll do. I hope this officer will get me across the street safely. Look! Look at the face of that policeman. He looks just like Al Fiyalka. Remember him? Hey Al! Damm that motorist. He almost got me then. Why you?***!&! Well, well, can you beat that? Look, why it's Manny Zimmer, the fellow who was taught the greatest respect for law and order in Government class. Now look at him break all traffic rules and regulations. How in thunder can he get away with it?"

"That big fat fellow sitting next to him with a cigar in his mouth, and wearing a derby seems to enjoy immensely every close shave. Well I might have known. No other than his old friend Harry Bowman, both just as thick as ever. No wonder they dash through traffic wildly. I had heard before that Harry was elected Mayor of Bridgeport, but even so I didn't realize that the Mayor got away with everything. Well, so it goes."

"There, just as I thought. They finally hit something. A funeral van. What a sorry looking mess it is. The poor undertaker is literally in tears over his loss. A perfectly good hearse, coffin, and corpse. I hope he has them arrested. There goes a cop directing the Mayor to the city jail."

"Can you see the jail? Is it a large building?"

"Yes, it isn't such a bad little place at that. Quite a nice little comfy home for our prisoner."

"I see that I will have to be directed. I'll certainly never find my way through such a labyrinth of rooms. I wonder who that distinguished looking lady is over there? She certainly seems to know the ropes around here. Say, hello there! My gosh, Cait Lewis. What are you doing here? Clerk at the court? My, what a job for a young lady. Don't you find it hard? You say you are quite capable of taking care of your business—how about me? Well, I was looking for the courtroom. Over there? Thanks, I'll find it all right."

"Is the courtroom clear? Who is there? Is the judge around?"

"He sure is. He looks 'baldy', much like our old friend, Arnold Olson. It is he all right. There he sits red-faced but sober."

"What happened to the Mayor?"

"Oh, the Mayor and he are old pals it seems. They wink at each other as the Zaling Funeral parlors present a frantic plea before the court charging the Mayor with everything from insult to divorce. Dr. Grover Lyons, the psychologist and psychiatrist, is brought in. He examines both Eli and the Mayor, and the undertaker, but not the judge, and gives a report on the sanity of each which no one undersands, of course, excepting Dr. Lyons."

"A witness by the name of Spinelli is brought in but he also, knowing the Mayor, testifies that the funeral man got in the way, and the Mayor's chauffeur could not possibly have avoided the accident."

"A distinguished looking man, Dr. West, the osteopath, someone whispers, also is brought in for a witness. Evidently he did not know the Mayor so well, or else he missed the winks, and so testified against him. He is hurried from the courtroom."

There seem to be some on the side; I can't tell whether they are talking or chewing gum. Their mouths are moving, however. Yes, they are women! I see Eli imploring their aid now, but they turn him down. They tell him the law firm of Dike-man and Lyons deals in nothing but divorces and as they had a heavy case, Baron vs. Freedland, in the present docket, it would be impossible to take the case. (A woman's way of saying she didn't think there was any chance of winning.) The decision is about to be rendered by our red faced judge when a very determined young lady steps forth and begs a stay. With a long list of data, measuring tape, photographs, diagrams and sliderules, she proceeds to demonstrate to the judge how it would have been utterly impossible for the man to have backed into the mayor's car, when they were both moving forward."

The judge, after much hemming and hawing seems to think that this is logical. Clever judge, "by gar." He'll soon have every clue run down and the victim brought to justice. That mathematician must be a modern Portia. I must shake the hand of her who has put up such a valiant defense of the rights of man. Well, the surprise could not have been greater than it was when I beheld Mildred Simendinger playing the part."

"What does the judge say about the case?"

"Well, I'll be damned. The judge admits that the Mayor is wrong, but that the undertaker must pay the damages as he has destroyed public property, the Mayor's car, which is a serious infraction of the ordinances. (Evidently someone had to pay, and rather than have the mayor raise the taxes to pay the damages, the judge figures it will be cheaper this way.)"

"Such injustice I cannot stand. I must leave. I must get out once more in the open air. I will continue my walk in the park."

"What do you see as you stroll?"

"There is a church that will surely ease my aching heart. At least they preach justice. The minister seems to know me, or else he seems to think I need his help very much, for he welcomes me with open arms. No wonder, he is no other than Bill Guggenheim. How goes it Bill? Great. That's good. You say that Eleanor Farrell is a Sunday school teacher. Funny what a twist of fate, yes fate not face, will do to a person's future. And Sam Woltch is doing things in a big way. He married Sophie Mallay? Great Scott! I didn't know he even knew her. Well a lot of things slip by me I guess."

"Say who's playing the organ in the choir? I haven't heard such sweet music since the time they told me I had graduated. Prudence Card? Boy, that's news. If you see her, tell her I'm glad she is going up in the world. I'll trot along now. I must take my walk in the park."

"Church sure does wonders spiritually. It feeds your soul, but when you emerge forth in the great outdoors, nature's playground, where the electrified air is tempered by the sun's soothing warmth and all beauty lies unadorned at your feet. It is like rising from the dead, and leaving the musty tomb behind. It is—"

"Hold on, you had better not finish the walk. It may prove dangerous."

"The air is so invigorating it clears my mind. I must be on. Hark! What is that?"

Your lips are like tulips,

Your eyes are true blue.

Please hold forever

This kiss I send to you.

"Who the Devil? What the Devil? A poet—even paradise had its snake. Who the deuce is he? Grinning Bert Marsh. Always the ladies' man. Will he either stop reciting those verses or write better ones? I'm going over to speak to him. There is a limit to everything. Whoa, he's not alone. I better proceed cautiously. Why he has three women listening to him. Such prattle. I wonder if he pays them to listen. Well, look who they are, Ruth Adams, Elizabeth Burton, and Chary Demarest. He has always done things in multiples. He sure has got his hands full. I think I'll sneak away to some other part and leave well enough alone."

"I'll drop in the Park House and see how that checker tournament is getting along. Why that fellow that makes every move count over there reminds me of a fellow I used to know. Why it is he. Ralph Laws. So you're checker champion now. You beat Robert Kelly. Why, how is Kelly? I remember him when he didn't know a checker from a poker chip. You say he is almost able to beat you. He must be good. You say that John Cody was hurt seriously in a game last week and had to be removed to the hospital. My! even our best athletes can't stand the gaff of the game. He ought to recover soon, though, if he is under the care of Harriett MacFarlane and Helen Powers."

"Say what's that fuss over across the street there? You say somebody else must have tried Oppenheim's hot dogs. You don't mean Bill Oppenheim, head of a sausage factory? Say that rumpus is getting worse. I'm going over."

"I guess it is nothing serious. Two people seem to be sweating furiously as they harangue the crowd. They perch, perilously on soap boxes. One is a fellow with his collar off. I feel pathetic the way he struggles to cry down the voice of the woman who is across from him. Why I knew him, Milton Herman, the silver-tongued orator fighting ciously to maintain his voice above the woman's. Just what they are arguing about doesn't seem to matter to the crowd. They flock to whichever seems the loudest. The girl has trouble with her softer voice to compete against Milton's heavy voice, and extensive experience. Many a speech did he give in public speaking, also in Sociology, in J. C. C., but the girl gains strength. As the crowd splits I see her face, and recognize her, Sylvia Zucker. The expounding of Socialism has shaken the world. She is a well known figure in all the socialist meetings. I cannot tell anymore than the crowd what they are saying. I can't hear them. I can't see them. All are shadows."

"Do you see no one else?"

"Yes. Yes, there is one other. She steps out from the shadows. She does not move. I can see her face more clearly now. She stands more clearly than the rest. Her face is familiar. Well, I might have known, Ruth Sheehan. Why, why, there you are right there."

Thomas Coughlin
Ruth Sheehan...

W. HAROLD YOUNG,
D. D. S.